UNITY

FREEDOM, FELLOWSHIP AND CHARACTER IN RELIGION

(Jenkin Lloyd Jones, Editor, 1880-1918)

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A Plain Man's Religion

By CHARLES F. DOLE

Letters from China

By ANNA LOUISE STRONG

The Story of My Experiments with Truth

Part III. Chapters XV and XVI

By M. K. GANDHI

Jefferson and the Democratic Party

By EDWIN D. MEAD

Among the Lepers

By WILLIAM C. ALLEN

VOLUME XCIX NUMBER 18

Chicago, July 25, 1927

PUBLISHED WEEKLY

UNITY

Subscription, $3.00 per Annum

(Established 1878)

A JOURNAL *of the* RELIGION *of* DEMOCRACY

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Vol. 1 March 1, 1878 No. 1

THE

Pamphlet Mission

FOR

FREEDOM, FELLOWSHIP & CHARACTER

IN

RELIGION.

Publishing Committee:

ROBERT COLLYER, Chicago. WM. C. GANNETT, St. Paul.
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PUBLISHED SEMI-MONTHLY AT 65 WASHINGTON ST., CHICAGO.
Per Year, $1.00. Single Number, 10 Cents.

FRANCIS L. ROGERS, 65 Washington St., Chicago, - Business Agent.
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UNITY PUBLISHING CO., Abraham Lincoln Centre, 700 Oakwood Blvd., Chicago, Ill.

"Entered as Second-Class Matter, January 12, 1899, at the Postoffice at Chicago, Illinois, under Act of March 3, 1879"

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UNITY

"HE HATH MADE OF ONE ALL NATIONS OF MEN"

VOLUME XCIX MONDAY, JULY 25, 1927 NUMBER 18

HOW WAR COMES

War does not originate from time to time simply in a sudden and uncontrollable impulse on the part of one of these great national masses to go out and slaughter another. . . .

The maneuvering is done by little groups of men called governments. These little groups seek constantly and naturally to gain supposed advantages of one sort and another for their own nationals.

Out of their efforts to enlarge or to strengthen or to maintain the interests intrusted to their charge the masses they represent are gradually maneuvered into positions which, to say the least, cannot easily be surrendered. If the process continues, sooner or later a situation arises in which an agreement between these small groups becomes impossible. Then, on the ground that their lives and families and property are somehow involved and endangered, these great masses of men and women, roused by every power of organized appeal and propaganda, are ordered under arms, and war follows.

The entire process is in control of the smaller groups.

They make the issue.

They declare war.

The masses they control simply obey.

Having put this power or left this power in the hands of their governments, they find themselves at the critical moment substantially helpless. And so, as individuals, they merely accept the decision and go out to pay the bills of war with their bodies, and perhaps with their souls, in the hope that if not they, then those who come after them may reap a benefit in some measure proportionate to its cost.

—Alanson B. Houghton,
U. S. Ambassador to Great Britain.

We call to the particular attention of our readers this week the statement by Ambassador Houghton which stands at the top of this page. We ask them to read this statement, and ponder it. Then we ask them to ask themselves if there is any reason why any one of us should ever answer the summons of government to go to war! Mr. Houghton is not a wild-eyed radical, not even a soft-hearted, sentimental liberal. He is a hard-headed member of one of the most conservative administrations that this country has known since the days of slavery. Mr. Houghton is not an irresponsible private citizen who can speak personal opinions out of an abundance of personal ignorance. On the contrary, he is a highly responsible public official, holding the highest diplomatic post in the gift of the United States. Mr. Houghton made this statement, not to a group of friends, not to a casual newspaper reporter, not even to a chance public meeting, but to the august assembly of the faculty, overseers and alumni of the greatest university of this country (Harvard), on the occasion of its commencement exercises a month ago. And it is such a man, at such a time and place, who says that war originates not with peoples but with governments—that it is "little groups of men called governments" which ignorantly, stupidly or selfishly maneuver their nations into predicaments which call for arms—and that it is the people who simply go out and die when they are told to do so! The people in this war business, in other words, are "dumb driven cattle," sheep for the slaughter, cannon fodder. If this theory be correct—and we believe profoundly that it is—then why, we ask, should any intelligent man or woman ever consent to war, or ever go to war? Where is the justification for compulsory military training, conscription, or any other war measure? What becomes of patriotism, heroic death for one's country, making the world safe for democracy, and all the rest? What Ambassador Houghton has recklessly, or soberly, done, is to strip the cloakings of war altogether away, and shown the grim horror nakedly for what it is. War is a conspiracy of governments against peoples. When peoples are enlightened they will no more think of obeying a summons to take up arms and fight than they would think of obeying a summons to cannibalism or human sacrifice.

These are thrilling days in Washington. It does not seems so on the surface, for the President is far away in the Black Hills of the Dakotas, and summer heat and quiet lie over the streets of the capital. But the work of government, like the pulse-beat of life, does not cease. Things are going on! Ambassador Herrick, for example, has come back from France, and carries in his pocket, we are told, precise proposals on the part of the French government for the treaty outlawing war between the two republics as suggested by Foreign Minister Briand. This treaty,

we now know, has the support of Mr. Herrick, as well as of M. Poincarè, whose approving speech upon the question is one of the most significant and promising events since M. Briand made his original proposal. Mr. Herrick's attitude of course means that the American Department of State is at least not averse to consideration of the subject. Indeed, there are multiplying indications that the American administration is as right-minded as the French administration on this whole matter of Outlawry. We cannot understand Mr. Herrick's return to these shores and M. Poincarè's address in late June, except from the standpoint of the supposition that discussion of the Outlawry of War idea is actually under way between the two governments. If we are correct in this surmise, then we are on the eve of great events, for we cannot believe that discussion between the United States and France to the end of getting rid of war, can possibly fail. The Coolidge administration seems to mean business on this peace question. The President, however muddled his thought upon occasion, we believe to be sincerely a peace man. His action in China, wavering in the beginning, has come through strong on the side of peace. Ambassador Houghton's Harvard address, referred to above, has an importance far transcending the importance even of the man who spoke it and of the audience which heard it. Mr. Gibson's attitude at the disarmament conference, determined by instructions from Washington, of course, is one of resolute adherence to the peace idea. Mr. Herrick's return speaks for itself. If all this, now, is crowned by the actual negotiation of a treaty outlawing war as between France and America, we shall have a record placing Mr. Coolidge among the great peace-makers of our time.

We have followed with languid interest the deliberations of the so-called Disarmament Conference at Geneva. Nothing is more evident in this Conference than the fact that the European nations have not the slightest intention of disarming. They meet to discuss disarmament, says the inimitable Will Rogers, "and there are not enough oceans to hold the cruisers they would build." But even though there were a real intention of disarming at Geneva, we would not be interested—for two reasons: In the first place, this Conference, like the Washington Conference before it, is not dealing with the armaments of modern warfare. The Washington Conference discussed battleships, which were as obsolete as the wooden frigates of Nelson's day. The Geneva Conference is discussing cruisers, which are similarly obsolete. The simultaneous elimination of all battleships and all cruisers would not affect the situation today in the slightest. To abolish these vessels, and leave untouched the question of submarines, aeroplanes, and gases, is like abolishing spears and swords, and bows and arrows, and saying nothing about revolvers, rifles, and machine guns. From the standpoint of the items discussed, the Geneva Conference is as grim a joke and, whatever its apparent success, will be as gigantic a fiasco as the Washington Conference. But, in the second place, even though Geneva were dealing with realities, were getting rid of modern instead of ancient weapons, we should not be interested. For the whole business of discussing disarmament in the present state and order of the world is the most egregious example of putting the cart before the horse that we know anything about. Why talk about disarmament, when war is legal and thus respectable? Nations do not fight because they have arms, but they have arms because they expect, or desire, or may be forced, to fight. Competitive armaments undoubtedly create suspicions and fears, stir unrest and anxiety, and thus upset equilibrium and hasten war. They aggravate the situation enormously. But any fundamental analysis of the case must reveal that war is the cause of armaments, and not armaments the cause of war. Get rid of war—outlaw it, ban it, forbid it—and armaments will disappear overnight.

At the next meeting of the Assembly of the League of Nations will be considered a resolution to have the Geneva organization take up a "study of the effect of alcoholism." It is rather extraordinary that more attention has not been given to this proposal, the ultimate purpose of which is to add alcohol to opium, narcotics, etc., as a social evil calling for international action for its suppression. This means, of course, the extension of the Prohibition movement to the world field, for it is the very heart of the Prohibition cause that alcohol is a poison, exactly like opium, and must therefore be destroyed. This is the reason, incidentally, that the Prohibitionist cannot understand and will not recognize a frenzied plea for personal liberty in the case of drinks which nobody thinks of applying in the case of drugs. That we are not wrong in this interpretation of the Geneva resolution is shown by the fact that the New York *World,* champion organ of the "wets," is already excited by a situation which will "pour millions of dollars (into Geneva) through American Prohibition organizations, such as the Anti-Saloon League and others, with (which) they can make a 'splurge' which would be of greatest propaganda value, and which might dwarf by comparison other social activities of the League." Europe also is excited—at least the wine-growers of Europe are! Those in France, Switzerland, Italy, Spain, and Portugal, we are told, are already putting heavy pressure upon their governments to defeat the resolution when it appears before

the Assembly. That it will be considered at this time is unlikely. Yet it has strong backing! It was introduced by the representatives of Finland, Sweden and Poland, and has supporters among the Czecho-Slovakian, Belgian, Danish and Portuguese delegations. Furthermore, it has an essential strength of its own, for all that it calls for is *facts,* and why should anybody be afraid of facts? "The effect of alcoholism!" if it is as good, as beneficent, as wholesome as the "wets" say it is, why should they not be eager to have this truth made manifest to all the world through the action of such a body as the League? No reason at all—except the basic reason, which they know but will not concede, that alcoholism is bad and, when the truth is known, will be rooted out completely. Prohibition still has a terrific fight on its hands, but nothing can stop its final triumph.

Every age, we suppose, must have its lunacies. The Middle Ages had the witchcraft delusion; our own day has the anti-"red" mania. As we look back upon the Middle Ages we marvel that people could have believed such witcheries of harmless old women, of innocent children, of respectable and responsible citizens of the community, and wreaked such cruelties upon these whom they so unjustly and foolishly feared. So in the future, when our children and our children's children look back upon our time, will they find it incredible that otherwise sane and sensible people could believe such fantasies of treason, treachery and terror against their fellows, and treat with such brutality the helpless victims of their hate. Is there anything that our so-called patriots are not ready to do against those whom, in their insane fury, they charge with being "reds"? We think not, especially after reading such a story as that of the ousting of the two secretaries of the Y. W. C. A., of Fort Wayne, Indiana, on the charge of being Bolshevists conspiring with Moscow for the overthrow of government in this country. These secretaries are women of irreproachable reputation, one of them nine years in service with the Association. One of the two women is a Republican, the other a Democrat; one is a Congregationalist, and the other a Missionary Baptist. Both are college graduates. Both were driven from their positions by charges in a local newspaper that they were "reds" seeking revolution in this country under inspiration and guidance from Russia. What was the evidence for this charge? That the women in question were members of the Fellowship of Reconciliation! Here is where the question of lunacy comes in. For where is there, or can there be imagined to be, any connection between the Fellowship and Moscow? The Fellowship, organized originally and still largely sustained by Quakers, has been well described by one of its leaders, John Nevin Sayre:

> The Fellowship has never been and is not now "hooked up" with Moscow, or with "vicious designers and plotters" (as charged). It does not in the least approve of any violent methods of communism. It is unequivocally against violence all along the line, and never has it plotted for or desired the overthrow of the government of the United States. The Fellowship of Reconciliation derives its principles and life from the high teachings of Jesus of Nazareth. The Sermon on the Mount is our inspiration to attempt lives of unwavering Christ-like love in the midst of the world as it now is.

And it is for membership in such an organization that two women have been forced to resign from the Young Women's Christian Association! The Jewish rabbi in Fort Wayne strikes the nail on the head. "They were too Christian," he says, "for the Y. W. C. A."

An American who has attained the highest distinction as a discoverer and interpreter of physical science is now in great demand as a popular lecturer on religion. He has been responding to this demand with almost childish enthusiasm, and has delivered himself of extended and varied utterances more or less reassuring to the pious. He was considerably disconcerted the other day to receive a letter from his young son, who is a freshman in college, raising question as to whether a real scientist is justified in using a reputation honestly won in the fields of physical science to support dicta in a field where he has not qualified as an expert. The father is sincere enough to gain pause from the youngster's frank question. Which does credit to him, as the boy's frankness and keen insight commend him! Religion, to be sure, is not in a class with the specialties of physical science. It is a universal human science, and its experiences are open to all alike. The physical scientist is not properly deprived of his right to make the most of his religious experiences. But his exploits in science have given him no peculiar right, nor qualified him above his fellows in the field of religion. The theologian may prove as abject a tyro in religion as might a physical scientist. Both have the same right to the essences of religion, and neither has more right than has the intelligent citizen in any vocation. Religion is not a science of authority. Exploration in the field of human experience is the only qualification demanded of the religious expert. No vocation of serious purpose bars any from entering its fellowship, and none offers qualifications inherently denied another. The religion which banishes the physical scientist from participation in its sacraments is quite as profane as that which banishes everybody except physical scientists. The supreme religious issue of today is the capture of religion for all, its vindication as a universal human science and privilege. Its experts are likely to emerge from any and every walk of life.

A Plain Man's Religion

[Written in the Form of a Letter to a Learned Professor.]

Dear Professor Hutcheon:*

Thank you for your recent essays upon *Theism and Humanism.* You perhaps are aware that I am in full general agreement with your position. Might you not be more boldly persuasive in setting it forth? I am never able to discover but one genuine philosophy. Leaving this aside, I see no use in discussion. In other words, I can't get away from that which grips me as harmony or unity, as active moral urgency, as a binding and delightful sense of beauty, truth, goodness, all in one, summed up along with other great names as the creative Good Will, in which will we men find the fountain of gladness and peace. This seems to be the wisdom, "which in all ages entering the hearts of the children of men, has made them sons of God and prophets." I was brought up in the shadows of "orthodoxy," but I scarcely can recollect the time when I could dream for one moment that this fact of spiritual unity and life could need be defended, as if it could have an enemy. How preposterous! I never could see how "science," which is simply our effort to understand things better, and is itself forever haunted with the conviction that all things together constitute a universe, behind which always lurks the presence of the Infinite—that science should have any quarrel with truth or reality! Curiosity concerning things as only phenomena would never carry any special scientific interest for my mind, but what is always urging this wonderful quest of science is that it reveals itself as a vast parable of the things of the spirit.

Briefly, this sense of spiritual reality is the one way of reasonable and harmonious thought; it satisfies the mind in me, *and* at once always presses right on to a certain type of human life, which we all know something of as Life, with a capital—real life, human or "divine." I am tired of the common talk, even in churches, of this life as difficult and against the grain! I am tired of the survival, even in liberal churches, of the notion that this good life, social, friendly, generous, clean, is a sort of "salvation" from sin. There is no sin in the animal world, nor in the child world, though we see plenty of animalism, through which man seems to be making a most dramatic and eventful climb into true and joyous "humanism," in a new form of the evolutionary process. That awfully abused text: "Ye must be born from above," expresses what is taking place and normally takes place in the induction of man into the age, or "life of the spirit." We all know something about it, and we all *like* it, not leaving out the children, to whom bits of vision of this life ever and anon are given. In other words, the law of love means that it is given to man to live more and more consciously the life of the universe—the cosmic life, the friendly life of the ruling Good Will. I believe that it is time to give up insisting so much on the *"Christian* life," as if there had never been but one good teacher of this thought or secret. People forget that most of the history of Christianity was lived out before the age of the spirit—that is, full humanism, spiritual religion—had ever had a chance to reveal its complete and well-grown nature. The historic Church has merely represented the sadly mixed activities of generations of men who were trying out so many stupid barbarities—slavery, war, political tyranny—as hardly to catch vision of their own professed ideals, which they classed and set aside as "impracticable."

The fact seems to be now, that we are faced with the ancient and eternal law of life at a new point in its progressive development in the affairs and history of mankind. In a sense in which it was never so persuasive as today we may say, and must say, "The Kingdom of God is at hand." Already there have been published ever so many lives of noble men and women who have not merely speculated concerning the "life of God in the souls of men," but have been veritable experimenters in all sorts of both venturesome and rewarding ways of discovering, as if for the first time, what the eternal law of the living Good Will actually does in us and with us, as soon as we give ourselves "heart and soul" to its kindly domination. I have known many such people from my childhood up. I never heard of one who tried this experimental way and gave it up, or found it to fail. It was never given to me to be surprised at anything that Jesus ever did, as out of the common. The beauty of it was that the things we like most to read concerning his life were all quite normal. We have ourselves known friends who lived the same way. Let us frankly try out for ourselves this law of the Good Will, taking hold of every bright and beautiful illustration of its patterns and colors and likenesses, as if in every such life experience we were clasping anew the hand of an infinite companion—not of one alone of centuries ago, but through the pressure of a host of brave souls; in and through them all has been revealed that universal life in whose grand cosmos we are all as rays sent forth from the sun. Is there not indeed here a wonderful central fact of the divine Presence, the creative reality of all things? Well! Suppose it then. For there is no such splendid "suppose" so harmonizing and fruitful as this is.

*Professor Robert J. Hutcheon, of the Meadville Theological School.

Only don't miss my point. I began long ago to suppose, not surely from a "will to believe"—a process of which I have always been suspicious—but because I could find nothing else to suppose that moved and persuaded my reason as this did. Yet in making this magnificent "suppose," I never could fool myself to imagine that I might straightway dismiss the whole affair, like a speculator who has bought a lot of mining stock and puts it away in a box. I knew that I had entertained a proposition, the reality of which immediately took me up into an irrefragable moral order. Even in my youth I could see that it was such an order as to alter and rule the whole course of my life. I must follow goodness, wherever it led, and at whatever cost. It was a grand enlistment. I have never as yet seen that I could have done anything else so rational, so human, so infinitely promising. My daring "suppose" looked to me like a normal man's actual life.

As I have watched people who profess to be Christians, I have wondered many times whether they had really faced and considered how great a thing they were "up against" in saying the words: "Thy will be done." The idea behind these words seems to be more impressive, more imperative, more simple and natural, more beautiful and satisfying—not every time I *say* the words, but every time in the practical daily life I discover that these words (followed and obeyed) mean access of spiritual life, and closeness to the reality of things. Why not say that here is the open way of the actual experience of religion?

Let me mention another of the most valid impressions of my life. I came early upon the problem, as it was called, of "the freedom of the will." Of course I had been taught that my will was free. But in trying to search my experiences to the bottom, I have never been able to find any assurance of the freedom of my little will. If I had known yesterday what I have come with fresh light to know today, I should no doubt have recited a better lesson, or I should have avoided a careless blunder or other error. But I see no evidence that without this needed access of faculty my weak will could have done yesterday what I proceed now to do gladly. I do not even wish to claim for myself any supernatural power of will. I claim no such nice perfection for my memory or any other faculty.

But they say: This is to deny that I am a moral agent. I cannot see it so. I love beauty and I love kindness, and I revere the thought of a great Good Will, no less than my friends who insist upon their complete freedom of will. They show me no freedom that a butterfly might not exhibit. This so-called freedom helps no one to avoid a thunderstorm. On the other hand, I admire the goodness in which "there is no variableness nor shadow of turning." I love to think of the eternal as incapable by his nature to hate or lie or be cruel. What satisfaction do I ever enjoy so complete as when my tiny will runs freely with the great Good Will? This is to cooperate with God. It is given to man not only like the flower to carry life and beauty, but at the same time to be aware of the very joy of God in thus carrying his beauty and life.

There was never any other real religion in men's hearts but this religion of the indwelling Good Will always growing to consciousness as fast as the light came to it. Childish specters of it had to come first, confused with the cloudiness of men's glimmering sight. The dawn of the better day is here. Never before did man see, as he can now see, how simple yet reasonable, how home-like and natural, pervasive, and comprehensive this vision of religion makes the plain human life; how it is health and vigor entering into every form of helpful daily activity, how it reaches everyone at his best and lifts him to richer levels of fulfilment of manhood, how, while always lessening and banishing needless sorrow and pain, it translates the harsh-seeming things of evil that remain over out of the region of fear and hopelessness into new colors and shapes of spiritual constancy and beauty, and thus removes the sting of death. Why will not intelligent men try and see for themselves that these things are so?

CHARLES F. DOLE.

Letters from China

Three days steaming up the Yangtze; tomorrow we reach Hankow. It has been a quiet, not to say dull voyage. At Woosung we waited two hours while the Chinese Admiralty examined our papers; it seems rumors have been spread in Shanghai that the Germans are carrying arms to Hankow, and the last ship up was held for two days at Nanking for search. Hence, this time the Hamburg American Line applied to C. C. Wu, Foreign Minister for the Nanking Government, to have the ship examined and given clearance papers at Woosung. As a result we passed Nanking without stopping.

An interesting side-light on the difference between Germans and Anglo-Saxons. Germans consider themselves under law, amenable to search. Not long since there was a so-called outrage on the Yangtze, firing on an American vessel. The newspaper account gave the facts that an American commercial vessel escorted by a gun-boat, was signalled to stop by the Chinese authorities at a fort. The ship did not even answer the signal but went straight ahead, whereupon the Chinese fired a shot across her bows. The gunboat retorted with a serious fire on the fort, which the Shanghai press indicated was "effective." Thus incidents start.

There are twelve passengers; all but one are women. This is another of life's little ironies. The chivalrous Britons refuse passage to women on their passenger boats; hence the men use the comfortable passenger boats, escorted by gun-boats, and the women take the German freighters without armed protection!

My cabin mate is a German woman, who lives in Hankow. "Unfortunately," she added. Upon my query, she replied that Hankow was deadly dull. The only duller place was Kiukiang (the place where the British concession was taken over "with looting"). I was somewhat amused. She explained. No place to go in Hankow but the race-course. No theaters, only two movies. There used to be a band but it left after the "trouble," by which all respectable Hankow residents refer to the Chinese seizure of the British concession. If you want to take a walk, you stroll along the Bund or to the race-course. Deadly dull, nothing whatever doing!

And this is the Hankow to which I am going as the most exciting place on earth today, the place where the dice are being shaken that may decide the question of an Anglo-Russian war with China as battlefield, the place where the form of China's future is being wrought out with pain under extreme handicaps of poverty and clashing interests. "Dull, deadly dull—only Kiukiang is duller!"

Next to me at table sits the Russian wife of a British merchant. Her husband long since wired her to return, saying that everything was better. I asked her if her marriage did not make her a British subject and if she had to apply to the British consul for permission to go to Hankow. She made a pert little grimace. "Yes," she said, "I applied and he said no." "But will they let you stay there," I enquired. She grinned light-heartedly. "If he puts me out of the British territory, I will live in the French or the Japanese, and my husband will move over." The need of protection, for which theoretically all these British regulations are devised, was evidently the last thing in her mind. Everyone says there is order in Hankow.

Another Russian girl is at our table, unmarried, a supervisor in the Chinese Government Telephone Service in Hankow. She also told me why she had left and why she was going back. "Those labor unions got so awful that I, as a foreigner, simply couldn't do a thing in the office. So I said to the boss: 'I'm going to clear out; you give me my vacation. Wire me when it calms down a bit.' And now they wire me that everything is much more reasonable, so I'm going back to my job."

An intelligent, pleasant Russian woman has just returned from Moscow where she has placed her four sons in the various universities. She boasts that her husband is the "most famous tea-taster in the world." Before the Russian Revolution he owned many tea factories; he lost the ones he owned in Russia but kept the one in Hankow. Recently he has become buyer for the Russian Cooperatives at a salary of $500 (gold) a month which his wife admits is "two or three times any salary inside Russia."

"But it wasn't the salary that tempted him," says his wife. "I begged him to take the job for the sake of the privileges with it. Now we can send our children to the Moscow Universities. Two years ago only children of workers and peasants could go to the universities, but now the children of specialists may also take examinations." She has one son studying to be an architect, another a lawyer, a third an electrical engineer and a fourth a mechanical engineer. She says the Moscow Universities are as good as ever, "with all the old professors." It is clear she accepts the Bolsheviks as a necessary evil.

While everything indicates that order is very good in Hankow, the real question at issue is finance. The Shanghai banks started deliberately to denude Hankow of silver so the Hankow government declared a moratorium, taking silver from merchants and giving them paper instead. Farmers will not sell goods for paper; this is the really serious situation, which I can only estimate on the ground.

Meantime all is not rosy at Nanking. A correspondent who went up describes it as "nothing there but General Chiang and a million job-hunters." On unimpeachable authority I learn that graft in some government purchases has added 100 per cent for the purchaser. Also that there is friction between the military and civil sections of the government.

Over against this, several normally intelligent folks like C. T. Wang assured me that Hankow is finished; that it will be taken by various armies before I get there, that Borodin has fled and Mrs. Sun is on her way down river. They are a bit disconcerted when I tell them I have a wire from Mrs. Sun inviting me to come up. Quite likely they do not really know. On the face of it Nanking has the greater number of provinces, but one has a feeling that they are like the Wu Pei Fu alliances, quite likely to fall apart.

I ran into two interesting bits of gossip. One is that the general of Canton province was sore at T. V. Soong because so much money was diverted from Kwangtung province taxes for the Northern Expedition; he wanted it for Canton. He was still sorer at the honesty of the civilian tax collection, regretting the old days when he did the collecting. So when Chiang Kai Shek was planning to break with Hankow, and sent for various generals to learn what he could count on, this general said: "Sack T. V. Soong." Which accounts for much sabotaging of Soong's financial planning and his ultimate resignation.

The other is that Borodin opposed from the beginning the taking of Shanghai, fearing the corrupting influence of the British port on the unity of the Nationalists. If so, he was very shrewd. There were plenty of rows before (H. K. Kung tells me he has seen Chiang break down and weep and talk of suicide after some sharp criticism from Borodin in the Executive Committee), but it was the Shanghai region and the Nanking episode that really brought the split.

Von Salzman, shrewd sophisticated German correspondent, thus estimated the two groups: "Nanking —it does not live. It will be absorbed and compromised by British pressure and rich Chinese merchants and will evaporate. Hankow will live, if not the men, then the idea that is there. If it is crushed, it will live in history and return again." "What idea?" I asked him. "Communism?" He shook his head impatiently. "Talk to them at Hankow and find out," he said. "Nothing anywhere near so definite as communism. Nothing I can describe in detail. All the same, that which is behind all revolutions. The sudden hope of those who have been sold to despair."

ANNA LOUISE STRONG.

On the Yangtze, May 29, 1927.

The Y. W. C. A. has done a good job in circulating copies of some of the posters that appeared on the walls of Wuchang after the siege. Surely never has a victorious army after any siege spread such proclamations. There is one appealing to those who have been through the siege "to be careful about eating," not to begin with hard rice, to avoid sickness. Others call for the "Get Together" of people and soldiers. Here is another:

From the Fifteenth Army Administration to the people of Wuhan:

We are sorry you had to suffer because it took us so long to take Wuchang. For fifteen years you suffered under the North. For forty days you suffered under the siege—hunger, looting, fear. We rejoice that on October 10th you were freed under the "blue sky and the white sun" (Kuomintang flag). Though we were happy to get the city open, we were unhappy to see the pitiful people. The Revolutionary Army must get rid of this suffering of the people. We and the people are one, in our sorrows, peace and danger, in getting rid of hindrances, in getting a full life, in getting free from imperialism and militarism. The light of the Revolution has come to Wuchang; Chekiang is free; Fukien is taken. We can all together solve the difficulties in Hupeh.

Imperialism and militarism disappear before our faces.

Here is another from the Fourth Army to the people of Wuhan:

Up to this time to see a soldier was like a rat seeing a cat. You were so frightened you couldn't run fast. If you couldn't escape you said: "Most exalted sir." But this time of fear is over; now you can play under the "blue sky and white sun." We soldiers of the Fourth Army are from the factories, fields, shops and schools. Because we were oppressed we joined the army. We and you, though our clothes are different, have the same spirit. We aren't "Most Exalted Sirs"; we are your soldier friends. We hope you will spread the word that together we fight our enemies; imperialism, militarism, bad officials, grafters, great landowners. Because of the joy of this little rejoicing don't forget your enemies and the past sufferings.

Work for a National Assembly. Down with unequal treaties. Unite!

And here is a more definite program, also from the Fourth Army:

Now that we have taken Wuchang, we must
Protect business.
Get rid of heavy taxes.
Establish free speech for the people.
Protect people's organizations and help them increase.
Have a people's assembly.
Set up good officials.
Get rid of bad things—do the will of the people.
All unite and enter the Kuomintang.
Oppose Wu!
Oppose imperialism!

Of course the devil can quote scriptures; and the political slogans usually are corrupted in action. But there seems to be the fire of life in these placards.

Yet I cannot overlook the fact that thousands of good respectable idealists around Shanghai are rejoicing in the split between Hankow and Nanking, as "a getting rid of those wild communists," a purging of the ranks which might have been more difficult later. Such people expect Hankow to "evaporate," just as the others expect Nanking to do so. It is my guess that neither will evaporate, but that Peking will be taken and that thereafter there will be a full meeting of the Kuomintang executive (for the first time since the split) and a new unity created.

Quite likely they will expel the Communists who bore the brunt of the Northern Expedition. The Communists, I understand, have been ready to go, once the military is under control. Quite likely the posts will fill up with respectable job-hunters who will be acceptable more or less to England; I think I could name several candidates. Quite likely the workers and peasants will be madly disillusioned, and will get few immediate results. But one result will be felt all through central China—the experience of workers and peasants organization. They will therefore start further ahead in relation to their merchants than the American workers started after our war of Independence. For this they will have to thank none but Russia.

ANNA LOUISE STRONG.

On the Yangtze, May 29, 1927.

I leave tomorrow at dawn for Hankow. It will interest you to know how one gets there.

British boats run on the river thrice weekly. But they do not take women passengers up to Hankow without an order from the naval authorities, who are in absolute control of the British lines. An Australian woman (missionary) who wanted to go up river was told by the British consul that she would be refused a ticket, and that if she got up river, the naval authorities would prevent her landing, and that if she got into Hankow the British consul would deport her. The British wish to convey the idea that Central China is in chaos.

Japanese boats are less particular. They take anyone. But Japanese commercial boats stopped running ten days ago, for want of cargoes. So the Japanese consul has asked his government to allow him to charter a steamer and run it regularly up and down the Yangtze, for purposes of civilian communication. They have not yet replied, but if they do, he promised me a ticket.

The Germans are the real boys who are preparing to make hay. They have no regular river lines, but from time to time a Hamburg-American ocean-going freighter leaves Shanghai at one side and goes up river to Hankow, direct from Woosung at the mouth of the river. It goes without gun-boat escort (others do not). It considers itself under Chinese jurisdiction while in China's inland waters. It would respond to any request of Chinese authorities to stop for search.

On the side of the ship are painted four large Chinese characters which mean "Virtue Empire Trading Ship." "Virtue Empire" is the old Chinese name for Germany. As the boat goes up river, passing Nanking and Pukow, firing between northerners and southerners has actually been known to stop to let it pass, resuming after the ship had gone by! A recent passenger says that whenever the ship approached either side of the river, he saw soldiers fishing in junks and sampans, and these first stared, then read the inscription, and then waved their hats to see the exponents of "Prussian militarism" inheriting the Quaker tradition.

German families are still in Hankow, including women and children. A recent German correspondent says they are staying at great cost. Hankow will become a hell of heat in the summer; the two hill resorts are behind military lines. To go out to Japan would be used by British propagandists as "Germans flee Hankow." Therefore they stay, "though the babies will wilt in the heat," because they "feel a moral obligation to China not to let her reputation down."

This correspondent told me hotly that the problem in Hankow was not political but commercial, it had been growing worse for a year and a half as the fortunes of war cut off the city port from its farming hinterland. He said business was bad, not at all on

account of labor demands in Hankow, but simply because of the raw materials that Hankow ships could not get into her markets.

In retaliation for the German attitude in China, German credit is being attacked by the British in Hamburg, London and New York. She is assumed, by British opinion here, to be caught between the devil and the deep sea by the recent British break-off of relations with Russia, which all informed folks here think is intended to lead to war, with Manchuria and China as battle-field. Sir Sidney Barton, British consul-general here, said that in the coming "crisis" he believed Germany will turn west. Some Germans here don't think so. They are mad at their treatment.

British boats smuggle mail openly to any friends of theirs up-river in Hankow. An announcement posted in the Y. M. C. A. states that the pursers of the ships will take such mail, but will not deliver it. It must be called for in Hankow. The Y. M. C. A., therefore, will put all its mail in one large envelope, for which its Hankow secretary will call and all persons attached to its organization may get it from the Hankow headquarters. Object, of course, to avoid censorship by the Hankow government.

The nationalization of women propaganda has started again. A discredited missionary, said by the editor of the China *Review* to have been fired by nearly every board in China, is getting out carbon copies of an announcement presumably made at a missionary prayer-meeting by a letter from Hunan, that "by a new law all girls over sixteen must be married within one month or the government will provide husbands for them!" Also that women in abbreviated bathing suit costumes have been enrolled to march with the Hankow armies. Such ghastly rot! How true to type all such slanders run!

The fire behind this smoke is that a new marriage law has been passed by the Nationalists, giving to women the right of divorce for cause. Hitherto a man could divorce his wife at will and without alimony by returning her to her parents. Now he must support her if he turns her away until she gets another husband or finds means of self-support. Now the woman, who before had no right of protest when her husband took concubines, may adduce that fact and secure divorce with alimony.

Also there is a Woman's Union up-river, which takes a semi-official function in fighting for women's rights. There is an apparent authenticated case of a man committing suicide, after being forced by the Women's Union to walk through the streets with a placard announcing him as a wife-beater. In another similar case the man went home from this punishment to kill not himself but his wife, and then went before the Women's Union saying: "I have killed my wife, now you kill me; but first provide for my five children." Up to date they were still puzzled what to do about it. Certainly many social problems arise in China's awakening.

A missionary here from Changsha tells me how the seizing of buildings happened at her station. After the nationalists came for a time all was quiet, but then the unions were formed and needed headquarters. They asked for use of the gate-house of the mission as an office. You must remember that these mission buildings are often the largest and most commodious available. At first they were refused the gate-house, but were later allowed to use it during certain hours. Then they asked for right to use the chapel for their meetings; this also was at first refused but later given for twice a week. When some missionaries left for the coast, the unions asked for the use of their houses. I gather that in all these cases some mention was made of rent, but the blockade through military action and the currency panic would certainly prevent payment.

Then the American consul asked the missionaries to leave, and after they went the Unions took over all their buildings as headquarters for different organizations newly formed out of every variety of craft in China. The rice-huskers, and such organizations, all were organized. This past week, however, the missionary has heard from her brother in Hankow that Hankow government has ordered the trade unions to vacate these missions' premises with a view to returning them to their owners, and that the unions have already complied.

So order is being slowly established in Central China.

ANNA LOUISE STRONG.

Shanghai, May 26, 1927.

(*Letter No. 4 since actually reaching Shanghai*)

So many hundreds of things to tell about Hankow that I haven't time to begin. But I must get this off on today's boat, as tomorrow I may be leaving for the front with the Military Council and the Political Council, for a conference with the three victorious generals and a future planning of both military and political action. I have visited the dykes (one of them), the arsenal, the labor headquarters, a garden party for inaugurating the Red Cross Drive, and have had interviews with Borodin, Eugene Chen, Mrs. Sun Yat-Sen, Sun Fo, and several others.

This is the place! Blazing hot already and getting hotter. The accepted toast at any informal dinner is: "Peking before hot weather comes." The chances are we will move to Peking in time to escape August heat and even part of July. Everyone admits we are on our way; even the British give us three months, while the optimists say four weeks. Hankow is the hottest place in China, caught in a pocket of the hills. But as far as anyone can, I have comfort, in fact, almost luxury. I have a two-room and bath apartment on the top floor of the Central Bank, right next to Mrs. Sun Yat-Sen, with a big veranda overlooking the river. I have a big wooden fan in the middle of my room which turns on by electricity. By taking four or five cold baths per day and night, and taking rickshas for ever step of walking during the sunny hours, I feel so far energetic and enthusiastic.

It's a joke to think of the things folks are writing about Hankow—the wild place it is supposed to be, ready to devour foreigners alive. I have poked my way with another girl into all sorts of official headquarters in the native city, hunting for some one who knew English. I have been lost in the middle of an arsenal, and had a few hundred bare-back sweating workers nod me cheerfully along toward the party I was with.

Yesterday while pushing into back corners hunting for an official of dykes, we gradually collected a score of small children, Young Pioneers by their yellow suits and red kerchiefs. Much amused by us perplexed foreigners they at last grew bolder, and one

of them, stealing up behind me, jerked at my sash. I turned around and with my best school-teacher reproving manner looked at her, saying (but with eyes only): "You know that's not the way for a Young Pioneer to treat a stranger." Evidently the bunch got the point, for an older child Pioneer stepped up with a long pole which she jabbed squarely across the alley between me and the swarming children, giving them meantime a lecture on keeping order in the streets.

A word about the relation of Hankow and Nanking. I had a talk this morning with Sun Fo, son of Dr. Sun Yat-Sen, and himself rather ranking as a conservative. He told me that of the 36 members of the executive committee elected a year ago, 24 are actively working with Hankow, 2 are dead, 1 in prison in Peking, 3 in the Nanking government, 3 more allied with it, and 3 on the fence or otherwise inactive. Of the 24 working with Hankow, not one advocates reunion with Chiang Kai Shek, though some, perhaps most, would accept back many of his followers with Chiang eliminated.

We talked at length about the relation of Communists to the Kuomintang. He said the Hankow government had no objection to the Communists, who in general were cooperating under the orders of the Kuomintang. The Communist Party had grown from 1,000 to 50,000 members in two years' time, which meant that a lot of undisciplined folks had got into the party and committed excesses. These were being disciplined not only by the Kuomintang but just as severely by the Communist Party itself. The Communist Party recommended its members to join the Kuomintang also (but does not compel them to); they join as individual members and are told by their party to obey all Kuomintang orders. Although membership in the Communist Party is partly secret, all those joining the Kuomintang are acknowledged as Communists.

For the present our method of revolution and ultimate aim is the same," said Sun Fo. "Dr. Sun never wished for China to pass through a period of uncontrolled private capitalism, leading after years to another revolution. He held that it was not necessary to build the capitalist system fully in China. Our plan is to hold political power in the hands of our party, while educating the people, and conducting our economic development in a socialized direction, probably a sort of state capitalism in the beginning. We want private capitalism also, but we do not intend to let it grow unchecked, for then it would control the state as it does in your western nations.

On this program Kuomintang and Communists agree. The difference is that the Communists devote their time to organizing workers and peasants and represent their aspirations, while the Kuomintang has also bourgeois members.

Mr. Sun Fo is head of Communications and outlined at length the policies for railroad building, motor roads, airplane traffic, dykes, and which of them will come first in the plans of the new government. He said foreign capital was much desired, but would be admitted into such things as essential transportation only in the form of loans. Foreign companies would not be permitted to own and operate railroads in China, as they have in the past. This makes of railroads a tool of foreign political maneuvering which China is through with.

Last night we had a garden party arranged by Mrs. Sun Yat-Sen to launch the Red Cross drive for wounded soldiers, of whom there are already some ten thousand, many of them laid in empty buildings on dirt floors. Two or three hundred leading lights of all nationalities attended, Chinese merchants, British, French, German, Italian consuls. The American consul-general did not come but sent a polite note and two of his staff. Also there were many Russians, both privately and from Borodin's staff. He himself was not present, being in bed with a broken arm (broken day before yesterday by a fall from a horse).

Mrs. Sun, who is sensitiveness itself in all matters of courtesy and personal relations, told me she was very nervous over the gathering. "So many people who had never spoken to us before, and even among themselves are not friends. French and Germans, British and Russians—they suddenly see each other and grow stiff." It's a very penetrating comment on the foreign community here.

However, a good time was had by all, and a good, hastily organized program. Eugene Chen's family was much in evidence; he has a first class vaudeville among his children. His wife, now dead, was a "West Indian," which I suppose means negro blood. The two daughters dance exquisitely with the verve and temperament of a West Indian negro, held exquisitely in check by the classic control of the Chinese. The result is very piquant. His son, Percy, ranged from a serious appeal on behalf of wounded soldiers to a clown act later in the program.

I saw today in many ways how inevitably Russians and Chinese cooperate. Mrs. Sun called me in to help translate for a pleasant Russian woman, who was sent here by the Women's Section of the Communist International to help in the women's work of the Kuomintang. She had come to ask Mrs. Sun what help the "Soviet Russian Community" in Hankow could offer to the Red Cross drive. Details of this conversation would indicate the manner of approach which is solidfying Russian friendship in China.

ANNA LOUISE STRONG.

Hankow, China, June 5.

Sonnet

I lift my voice aloft for Liberty!
This earth were but a yawning, putrid grave,
A place not fit for criminal nor slave.
If Liberty should ever cease, alas, to be.
There's nothing that we touch or feel or see,
There's nought that's wrought or centuries engrave,
Upon the walls of Time's vast architrave,
That does not owe its value unto thee.

Who tries to sell his soul, whate'er the price
Shall live in time to find what Esau found,
That fear and cowardice are one with Vice.
That Freedom's lonely home is holy ground,
Where outraged Justice comes, and in a trice
Will clear the tyrant hordes with trumpet sound.

W. N. ROUNDY.

The Story of My Experiments with Truth

[The Autobiography of Mahatma Gandhi]

(Copyrighted, 1927)

PART III—CHAPTERS XV AND XVI

In the Congress

In the Congress at Last. The immense pavilion and the volunteers in stately array, as also the elders seated on the dais, overwhelmed me. I wondered where I should be in that vast assemblage.

The presidential address was a book by itself. To read it from cover to cover was out of the question. Only a few passages were therefore read.

After this came the election of the Subjects Committee. Gokhale took me to the Committee meetings.

Sir Pherozeshah had of course agreed to admit my resolution, but I was wondering who would put it before the Subjects Committee and when. For there were lengthy speeches to every resolution, and all in English to boot. And every resolution had some well-known leader to back it. Mine was but a feeble pipe amongst those veteran drums, and as the night was closing in, my heart was beating fast. The resolutions coming at the fag-end were, so far as I can recollect, rushed through at aeroplane speed. Every one was hurrying to go. It was 11 o'clock. I had not the courage to speak. I had already met Gokhale who had looked at my resolution. So I drew near his chair and whispered to him: "Please do something for me." He said: "Your resolution is not out of my mind. You see the way they are rushing through the resolutions. But I will not allow yours to be passed over."

"So we have done?" said Sir Pherozeshah Mehta.

"No, no, there is still the resolution on South Africa. Mr. Gandhi has long been waiting," cried out Gokhale.

"Have you seen the resolution?" asked Sir Pherozeshah.

"Of course."

"Do you like it?"

"It is quite good."

"Well, then, let us have it, Gandhi."

I read it trembling.

Gokhale supported it.

"Unanimously passed," cried out every one.

"You will have five minutes to speak to it, Gandhi," said Mr. Wacha.

The procedure was far from pleasing to me. No one had troubled to understand the resolution, every one was in a hurry to go, and because Gokhale had seen the resolution, it was not thought necessary for the rest to see it or understand it!

The morning found me worrying about my speech. What was I to speak in five minutes? I had prepared myself fairly well, but the words would not come to me. I had decided not to read my speech but to speak *ex tempore*. But the facility to speak that I had acquired in South Africa seemed to have left me for the moment.

As soon as it was time for my resolution Sir Dinshaw called out my name. I stood up. My head was reeling. I read the resolution somehow. Some one had printed and distributed amongst delegates copies of his poem in praise of foreign emigration. I read the poem and referred to the grievances of the settlers in South Africa. Just at this moment Sir Dinshaw rang the bell. I was sure I had not yet spoken for five minutes. I did not know that the bell was rung in order to warn me to finish in two minutes more. I had heard others speak for half an hour or three-quarters of an hour and yet no bell was rung for them. I felt hurt, and sat down no sooner than the bell was rung. But my child-like intellect thought then that the poem contained an answer to Sir Pherozehah. There was no question about the passing of the resolution. In those days there was hardly any difference between visitors and delegates. Every one raised hands and all resolutions passed unanimously. My resolution also fared likewise and so lost all its importance for me. And yet the very fact that it was passed by the Congress was enough to delight my heart. The knowledge that the imprimatur of the Congress meant that of the whole country was enough to delight any one.

Lord Curzon's Durbar

The Congress was over, but as I had to meet the Chamber of Commerce and various people in connection with work in South Africa, I stayed in Calcutta for a month. Rather than stay this time in a hotel, I arranged to get the required introduction for a room in the India Club. Among its members were some prominent Indians and I looked forward to getting into touch with them and interesting them in the work of South Africa. Gokhale frequently went to this club to play billiards, and when he knew that I was to stay in Calcutta for some time he invited me to stay at his own house. I thankfully accepted the invitation, but I did not think it proper to go there by myself. He waited for a day or two and then took me personally. He discovered my reserve and said: "Gandhi, you have to stay in the country and this sort of reserve will not do. You must get into touch with as many people as possible. I want you to do Congress work."

I shall record here an incident in the India club, before I proceed to talk of my stay with Gokhale.

Lord Curzon held his durbar about this time. Some Rajas and Maharajas who had been invited to the durbar were members of the club. In the club I always found them wearing fine Bengalee dhotis and shirts and scarfs. On the durbar day they put on trousers befitting *Khansamas** and shining boots. I was pained and inquired of one of them the reason for the change.

"We alone know our own unfortunate condition. We alone know the insults we have to put up with in order that we may possess our wealth and titles," he replied.

"But what about these *Khansama* turbans and these shining boots?" I asked.

"Do you see any difference between *Khansamas* and us?" he replied; and added, they are our *Khan-*

* i. e., waiters.

samas, we are Lord Curzon's *Khansamas*. If I were to absent myself from the *levee* I should have to suffer the consequences. If I were to attend it in my usual dress, it would be an offense. And do you think I am going to get any opportunity there of talking to Lord Curzon? Not a bit of it!"

I was moved to pity for this plainspoken friend.

This reminds me of another durbar.

At the time when Lord Hardinge laid the foundation stone of the Hindu University there was a durbar. There were Rajas and Maharajas there of course, but Pandit Malaviyaji specially invited me also to attend it, and I did so.

I was distressed to see the Maharajas bedecked like women—silk *pyjamas* and silk *achkans*, pearl necklaces round their necks, bracelets on their wrists, pearl and diamond tassels on their turbans and besides all this swords with golden hilts hanging from their waistbands.

I discovered that these were insignia not of their royalty but of their slavery. I had thought that they must be wearing these badges of impotence of their own free will, but I was told that it was obligatory for these Rajas to wear all their costly jewels at such functions. I also gathered that some of them had a positive dislike for wearing these jewels, and that they never wore them except on occasions like the durbar.

I do not know how far my information was correct. But whether they wear them on other occasions or not, it is distressing enough to have to attend viceregal durbars in jewels that only some women wear.

How heavy is the toll of sins and wrongs that wealth, power and prestige exact from man?

M. K. GANDHI.

(*Translated from Navajivan by Mahadeo Desai.*)

Jefferson and the Democratic Party

The annual Jefferson Day dinner of the sundry Democratic organizations was made more of an affair this past year than usual. The Democrats in many of the great cities staged demonstrations. In New York 1,200 reservations for the dinner were made. In Boston 1,000 were planned for, and many more came; the meeting resolved itself into an ovation to Senator Walsh, who was the chief speaker. In New York the leaders aimed to make their festival a movement toward "doing away with the bitterness engendered by the convention of 1924 and restoring the party morale there shattered." While Governor Smith was expected, and efforts were anticipated to "turn the affairs into a real Smith boom," the managers did not encourage this; and leaders in seven McAdoo states accepted invitations.

As matter of fact, Governor Smith did not appear at the Hotel Commodore. "The prevailing note by all the speakers," says the *World's* report, "was harmony. Forget the religious issue; don't let the party split over Prohibition." But the most conspicuous speakers were Senator King of Utah and Representative Howard of Nebraska, not stars of the magnitude which the advance notices foreshadowed. The Corn Belt orator warned his metropolitan brothers that if the party entered the 1928 campaign with the factional wounds wide agape, "the poor Democratic donkey will be distressed by every known form of political ringbone, spavin and poll-evil." To avoid such a disaster seemed the paramount concern both of Senator King and himself at this Jefferson dinner. The Corn Belt statesman did demand that "agriculture be placed upon exact equality with all other interests for which Federal legislation is enacted." The people of the Corn Belt no longer believed "the hoary lie that the Hamiltonian party is in partnership with Almighty God, and that he had decreed the New England manufacturing interests the right to exact tribute from all American citizens west of the Hudson River." Was Jefferson's birthday necessary to say this? Not one important or Jeffersonian word was spoken.

Jefferson's birthday is April 13; and the University of Virginia commemorated the day at Charlottesville, Jefferson's old home, with an address by President Butler of Columbia University, before an audience of 1,500 people, an address embodying warnings that were timely and imperative, to which Jefferson would have said Amen. The Democratic politicians thought well to postpone their commemorations, since April 13 this year fell in Lent, not a propitious time, in current esteem, for such festivities. The Boston dinner was set for Easter Tuesday, and the New York dinner for Easter Saturday.

Something might surely be said for sticking to Lent for the solemn remembrance of Jefferson by the party which claims him as its founder. For Lent is for humiliation; and it is hard to see how the Democratic party can hark back to Jefferson today save with humiliation. If there is any principle of his which the party has conspicuously illustrated during the last years, it would be hard to name it. The ritualistic commemorations of Thomas Jefferson by Democratic clubs have become as much of a farce as the stated worship of Abraham Lincoln by Republican clubs, a superstition still perpetuated in some parishes.

Thomas Jefferson belongs to no party, least of all to a party recreant to him. The Democratic party two generations ago was peculiarly recreant to him. Jefferson was the great apostle of local self-government, and in our federal system of state responsibility; but he was no less the great prophet in his time of the nation and of freedom. By securing the cession from Virginia to the federal government of her possessions beyond the Ohio, prompting the cession of similar claims by the states North, with a far-seeing ordinance for the administration of the territory, and by his negotiation of the Louisiana-purchase, he did more than any other statesman of the time to expand and strengthen the national sentiment; and among the founders of the republic he was the pre-eminent anti-slavery man. Lincoln owed to him his inspiration, his program, and his argument; he quotes him forty times, where he quotes Hamilton, the regulation Republican tutor, twice. He pronounced Jefferson the greatest political thinker we ever had or are likely to have. The most memorable tribute to Jefferson is that by Lincoln, as the most memorable tribute to Washington was that by Jefferson. When the new Republican party was founded, taking the name of Jefferson's old party, it dedicated itself, in its great Philadelphia platform of 1856, to "restoring the action of the Federal government to the principles of Washington and Jefferson."

The Jefferson birthday celebrations then were all by Republicans. "Those claiming political descent from him," said Lincoln, "have nearly ceased to breathe his name." The transformation reminded him of a street fight between two half drunken men which once amused him, ending in each having fought himself out of his own coat into that of the other.

It was for a Jefferson's birthday celebration by the Republicans of Boston in 1859 that Lincoln wrote his famous Jefferson letter.

> The principles of Jefferson are the definitions and opinions of free society. Yet they are denied and evaded. One calls them "glittering generalities"; others argue that they apply to "superior races." The object and effect of all is the supplanting of the principles of free government and restoring those of classification, caste and legitimacy. They are the vanguard, the miners and sappers of returning despotism. We must repulse them, or they will subjugate us. Those who deny freedom to others deserve it not for themselves, and, under a just God, cannot long retain it. All honor to Jefferson—to the man who, in the concrete pressure of a struggle for national independence by a single people, had the coolness, foresight and capacity to introduce into a merely revolutionary document an abstract truth applicable to all men at all times, and so to embalm it there that today and in all coming days it shall be a rebuke and a stumbling-block to the very harbingers of returning tyranny and oppression.

We have just been celebrating the 150th anniversary of the Declaration of Independence, and are still hoarse from shouting for government by "the consent of the governed" and the divine right of revolution by a people to establish such a state as it deems just and best for itself. Yet the President of the United States goes to Philadelphia for the great commemoration and finds no place in his address on that Fourth of July for honor to the great author of the Declaration or emphasis upon his principles. We are engaged at this moment in maintaining in power in Nicaragua a cheap adventurer who serves our commercial purposes, against the consent and will of the overwhelming majority of the people; we are menacing the peace and order of our sister republic of Mexico for the same selfish ends; and our President has struck a fatal blow to the aspirations of the Philippines for independence unanimously demanded by their legislature, long solemnly pledged on a condition long since met, in a lugubrious Pecksniffian sermon on the superiority of thrift to freedom.

What has the Democratic party, with its Jefferson dinners, done about it? If our "Doheny war" with Mexico is finally precipitated, it will be, if not so premeditatedly wicked, yet paltrier and more despicable than the Mexican war of 1846. Against that old Democratic wickedness, the whole Opposition party, the ancestor of our Republican party more directly than the party of Jefferson was the ancestor of the party of Senator Reed and Governor Smith, solemnly and persistently protested; and in the midst of the war, in 1846, carried the Congressional election against the Administration, and in the ensuing Presidential election, in 1848, overthrew it. Is there no lesson here, no imperative, no text, for Democratic orators at Jefferson dinners in 1927?

The Republican party's three great men were Lincoln, Sumner and Grant. Lincoln's one term in Congress is memorable for its opposition to our Mexican iniquity, his denunciation of its aggression, and his appeal to the Golden Rule against it. Sumner denounced it as "a war against freedom, against humanity, and against the Constitution." Grant, who, as a young Lieutenant, served in it, afterwards declared it "one of the most unjust wars ever waged by a stronger against a weaker people.

How has our Democratic party met the shameful and humiliating Mexican and Nicaraguan crisis of this last year? As a party it has done nothing. If its titular leader, John W. Davis, has spoken, I have not read his word; yet Mr. Davis has proclaimed Jefferson not only, as Lincoln did, the greatest political thinker of America, but the greatest in human history. Newton D. Baker, whose eloquent and lofty plea for the League of Nations was the one word that redeemed the Madison Square menagerie in 1924, has been, so far as I know, equally silent. We do not forget the faithful and indignant words in the Senate of Senators Wheeler and Walsh of Montana; but the words there which were adequate to the occasion and have stirred the country were the words of Senator Borah and Senator Norris, both Republicans.

Thomas Jefferson was a great international man. The founders of our Republic were the preeminent peace statesmen of their age. "My first wish," said Washington, "is to see war, the plague of mankind, banished from the earth." Franklin said repeatedly, "There never was a good war nor a bad peace." But Jefferson was the great peace leader of his epoch, as he was the great antislavery leader. Said Henry Adams:

> Jefferson aspired beyond the ambition of a nationality, and embraced in his view the whole future of man. That the United States should become a nation like France, or England, or Russia, or conquer the world like Rome, was no part of his scheme. He wished to begin a new era, hoping for a time when the world's ruling interests should cease to be local and should become universal; when questions of boundary should become insignificant; when armies and navies should be reduced to the work of police. He would not consent to build up a new nation merely to create more navies and armies, to perpetuate the crimes and the follies of Europe, and indulge in the miserable ambitions that had made the Old World a hell and frustrated the hopes of humanity.

It has fallen to our age, after a terrible world war, to realize Jefferson's great vision. How does Jefferson's nation match the age and its call? An American president, a Democratic president, founded the League of Nations. An American statesman, a Republican statesman, perhaps our greatest living statesman, was the most influential force in the commission which organized the World Court. Three Republican statesmen, Mr. Root, Mr. Hughes and Mr. Taft, were President Wilson's chief advisers in framing the covenant of the League of Nations, and Mr. Taft stood beside him on the platform when he came home to commend the League to the American people. In the election of 1920, these with a score of Republican leaders united in an appeal to the people to vote for the League. President Harding, in harmony with this pronouncement, declared his sympathy with the movement for international federation, "call it society, call it league, call it association." "We want little of armament," he said later, "and none of war." He was an earnest crusader for the World Court before the Senate and before the country, and in his last word urged our adherence to it. The Harding-Hughes reservations to our adherence would have been unanimously accepted by the nations.

But then a deadly paralysis crept over the country. President Coolidge hastened to proclaim that the plan of joining the League of Nations was for us "a closed incident." Then he sanctioned such finical and im-

possible new reservations to our joining the World Court as the nations in common fairness were compelled to reject, thus closing that "incident" also so far as his influence goes. By these two acts he did more than any other American to thwart our so necessary cooperation in the organized family of nations and check American hope and devotion. Elihu Root has just said: "The League in the political field and the Court in the judicial field have been rendering the best service, incomparably the best, in the cause of peace known to the history of civilization." But Calvin Coolidge and not Elihu Root is in the ascendant in his party today. A Republican president, with a popularity and a majority behind him, that would enable him to effect anything to which conviction or desire prompted him, apparently cares nothing for these things—if indeed he cares enough for any great principle whatever to risk defeat or damage for it. His sacrifice of the high international ideals and aspirations of the great minds of the party is mournful and portentous; and multitudes of his associates are so indifferent to the betrayal that at this hour they talk carelessly of promoting him to an occupancy of the presidency longer than that of George Washington or Thomas Jefferson!

What does the Democratic party think of this? As in 1857 it was invoking "State Rights" chiefly in behalf of easy slavery, so in 1927, the day of Governor Smith and Governor Ritchie and Mr. Gaston, it seems to invoke the doctrine for nothing more passionately than for easy drink. What does it propose to do about the portentous international situation? What did its orators say about it at the Jefferson dinners? There is slight prospect that the spirit of Jefferson hovered over those dinners; but if it did, it would inspire some simple soul to ask whether in this fateful hour there is not a worthier way to develop the "party morale" than by reconciling the differences between William McAdoo and Alfred Smith.

It may well be that the election of 1928 will be to one of the great parties the "eleventh hour." If at a time like this, with needs so urgent, with the voice of duty so clear, with arguments so lavishly supplied by its rivals' best minds, with the churches and the scholars of the country almost a unit in demanding a changed course, with imperatives so commanding, and with hospitality so generous in millions of independent hearts praying for vision and virtue at the helm, the "party of Jefferson" is controlled by mere lip-service devotees and cannot make itself into a true and adequate Opposition party,—then there is written for it the lesson of the supplanting of the Whigs by the Republicans in 1860.

For an adequate Opposition party the country must have, if our two-party system is to endure. We cannot go on holding elections about machinery and pretenses. The people are too busy; and it invites the big and little czars and bosses. Not even the fifty per cent will continue to vote. If politics is to mean anything, our Opposition must be as respectable and responsible as our Government party, as definite and as alert. It is by mutually respecting, sharply distinguished, and firmly critical parties that political life in a democracy is kept wholesome, efficient and safe.

It is a significant and didactic English usage by which His Majesty's Opposition holds parity in official appellation with His Majesty's Government. His Majesty's Opposition may tomorrow become His Majesty's Government. The function of a proper Opposition is imperative and high. It is not to meddle and obstruct the political business; but it is to keep guard and expose dereliction, in the spirit in which it must stand fire tomorrow. His Majesty in this Republic is "We, the People"; and serious people feel today that no responsible Opposition is properly functioning at Washington or in the country. None can be created by reconciling the followers of William McAdoo and Alfred Smith at Jefferson dinners. A political party has no charmed life; and when it becomes a machine oiled from yesterday's cruse, it has no prospect. A political party is a temporary tool for a purpose; the purpose, as Jefferson taught, is its sole warrant and credential. Democracy easily changes its tools, as our political history and England's abundantly teach. The Republicans inevitably displaced the great Whig party between 1850 and 1860, because the Whigs could not read the signs of the times and the writing on the wall. Where is the great Liberal party of Gladstone?

Once to every man and nation comes the moment to decide,
In the strife of truth with falsehood, for the good or evil side.

It came to Lincoln in the war against slavery. It came to Woodrow Wilson in the war against war. That is the "great cause and new Messiah" of this time. Has Woodrow Wilson's party the consecration and the power to rise to the height to which he lifted the country in 1919? Has it ears to hear still across the Madison Square babblement of 1924 the solemn admonition and clarion call of Newton Baker? Did it mean when it moved its Jefferson celebrations from Lent to Easter week that it proposed to move from humiliation to resurrection? If it did, the earnest millions will still be patient. But "the King's business requires haste." A true Opposition party, a prophetic party, a party that understands the present world crisis and commands the future, the Republic will somehow have; and those who most profoundly feel its necessity are those who have Thomas Jefferson as their father.

Boston EDWIN D. MEAD.

THE HUMANIST'S SONG

I love the human mind—in books,
I love the human voice—in music,
I love all human creatures when they are far away from me.

I hate the human mind—in war,
I hate the human voice—in crowds,
I hate the human form—in trains,
I hate all human creatures when they are too near to me.

I scorn the human mind—in Bibles,
I scorn the human voice—in litanies,
I scorn the human form—on altars,
I scorn all human creatures when they are fear obsessed.

I await the human mind—unfettered,
I await the human voice—exultant,
I await the human form—self-sufficient,
I await thee, tranquil reason, and await the end of fear.

—*Charlotte Haldane.*

The Literary Guide.

Among the Lepers

My first visit to a Leper settlement was in 1905. It is on an island in the Atlantic Ocean, near San Juan, Porto Rico. It is a desolate spot. The accommodations were crude, the waves hurled themselves upon the rocks, the sea was in all directions with the exception of the faint outlines of the Morro and San Juan in the distance. My friend and I had a meeting with them. At first some of them feared to be beguiled by the invitation of "the Protestant priest," as they called me. That day my eyes were first opened to the thirst for sympathy and gospel cheer on the part of these afflicted people. How they drank in every word! How my own heart was stirred as I beheld their twisted limbs and distorted faces! I confess to feeling that that afternoon's service alone repaid me for my journey of thirteen hundred miles to Porto Rico.

I remember asking one of the patients through an interpreter how they passed their time. He replied, "We read a little, we talk a little and cry a great deal." I asked, "Why do you cry?" His response was, "We want to see our people." As our little boat tossed its way back to San Juan the government official, who had accompanied us and who did not profess to be a religious man, thoughtfully remarked, "After all, say what you will, religion is a great solace."

Another Leper colony, surrounded by an oftentimes restless sea, is Robben's Island about one hour's run from Cape Town, South Africa. Glorious Table Mountain, behind the city, recedes from view as we approach the landing. Here are hundreds of patients, mostly natives, awaiting their doom. Every care that can be afforded, according to the depleted financial resources of the government, has been granted. The world war left the country very poor and when I was last at Robben's Island, many partly arrested cases were being returned home. The wisdom of such a reduction of expenditures seems questionable.

I recall a funny incident when going over the hospital. I was endeavoring to comfort a native who could barely articulate because much of his face and mouth had been destroyed, but who brokenly conversed in the English language. Finally, rather inanely, I said, "We must leave our afflictions with the Lord." He replied, "We can't do better and we can't do worse." Of course, I knew what he meant.

In the high altitudes of the Transvaal, South Africa, one thousand miles north of Cape Town, is a large Leper settlement. That lovable little Frenchman, Chaplin Bourquin, accompanied me when visiting it. The number of patients—Christians and non-Christians—were about one thousand, probably one hundred and fifty of them being of white or near-white parentage. There was a large group of young folks from six to sixteen years of age. I asked how long these children were likely to live, and was informed that possibly within eight years the remorseless malady will have completed its course.

At this colony I had two Leper interpreters, one a negro minister who translated into Zulu, the other into Santo. Elsewhere in Africa a full-blooded Kafir proved to be one of the most responsive interpreters I have had in any part of the world. Englishmen acquainted with him declared that he was the most nimble-minded man they had ever known, being apt at numerous languages, he also being a Leper.

Chaplin Bourquin told me that a few days prior to my visit, when he had administered communion to 230 of these people, he in many cases had been compelled to hold the cup to their lips. It has always been a nerve-trying experience to address these deformed, scarred, mutilated wrecks of humanity with their blighted hopes, their sufferings, their fears. What could I say to them? I admit that after meeting with such pitiful congregations I have been glad to leave the fetid air, yet thankful because of the happiness which visits from a stranger seemed to bring into their monotonous lives.

After a meeting with the natives in the overcrowded assembly room of the settlement in the Transvaal, Chaplin Bourquin overheard one man say to another, "Now I know that God loves us. See, He sent this gentleman all the way from America to tell us how sorry he is for us. Now I am sure God loves us!" How uplifting is a simple faith!

White Lepers seem to suffer keenly from mental depression. Among the white patients in this large settlement were two brothers, both young men of fine physical appearance and presenting no exterior indications of trouble. I have been told that leprosy is "not contagious but is transmissible," yet have observed that whilst in many cases it has not been transmitted where the most intimate relationships have existed there are other cases which seem to justify the belief that it can be communicated to others.

On the Canal Zone, 1916, I visited Palo Seco, a Leper colony near Panama. It is controlled by the United States government. The location is beautiful. Trade winds sweep through the rustling palms and lovely tropical foliage. The views across Panama Bay, for miles dotted with islands, are charming. The patients are given occupations in harmony with their physical ability. Ground is allotted to them, which they till, and the products are paid for by the institution at market value. When I was there 200 reels of moving picture films were soon to be delivered to the colony. There is a little library. Tokens, made of metal representing the value of the denominations of United States money, are used by the patients. This does away with the possibility of money finding circulation outside of the colony after the Lepers may have used it. A dollar of tokens has the same value among them as has a United States silver dollar.

There is a tiny church in this community. Romanists and Protestants use it alternately. Both have their own accessories for the one altar. An interesting history is attached to the brass book-holder in this little house of prayer. Years ago the Lepers of Palo Seco heard through a visitor of a Leper settlement in Japan. They saved $10 and sent it to Japan. The Japanese Lepers in return raised $10 and forwarded it to Palo Seco. The proceeds were invested in the book-holder. International sympathy can be experienced by all peoples of any race or clime.

About eighty Lepers have been declared cured at Palo Seco, and returned to their homes after treatment with the chaulmoogra oil remedy. Probably about twenty percent of Lepers to whom it elsewhere has been applied have been cured; but after having been released they have continued under medical observation. The same percentage of cures is being realized

among thousands of Lepers throughout the world. For centuries the oil of the chaulmoogra tree has been known in India as a remedy for leprosy. It has been comparatively of recent years that the identity of this tree has become known to European and American physicians and the process of extracting the oil into a reliable medicament has become established. It is stated that after a few applications of the modern preparation, both physical and mental conditions improve. The awful sores eventually heal up. Of course, lost members can never be restored and disfigurements remain.

The dark-skinned peoples of the Caribbean Sea are apparently susceptible to leprosy. They are often very religious. Their magnificent voices, strangely rich in pathos, pour forth such grand old hymns as, "Jesus, Lover of my Soul" or, "What a Friend I have in Jesus." Every syllable swings out to a true note—every word carries a personal appeal to the Saviour, their abiding hope.

The number of Lepers throughout the world is probably as large as ever. It is stated that in portions of East Africa one per cent of the native population suffers from the disease. The victims of this malady constitute a menace to the physical and economic life about them. They become destitute in almost every relation of life. They suffer in untold ways. The American Mission to Lepers aids more than one hundred hospitals in twenty different lands. I want my readers throughout our much-blessed country to help these suffering people.

WILLIAM C. ALLEN.

San Jose, Calif. 1927.

The Study Table

New Books

Prof. Wilder's "The Pedigree of Man"[1] is doubly welcome, for its timeliness. Such a book, critical and thoughtful, would be welcome at any time. But just now, when there is a savage drive against evolution theories, when politicians see fit to speak on biological problems, when legislatures tinker with bills to cripple investigation and to limit teaching, it is the duty of scientists to speak out clearly and unmistakably. Prof. Wilder is a zoologist and he treats his subject from the zoologist's point of view and by zoological methods. Appreciating the fact that the discussion of man's position as an animal is a delicate one on account of bias and prejudice in dealing with ourselves, he approaches the subject as the much-worked "Martian" might, coldly and without passion. The book contains much that will be new to most readers. Thus:—the *order* to which man belongs, "is very generalized, retaining many primitive characters, and by no means as specialized as many others." The assumption of an arboreal life by some members of this order led to an especial development of the hand, an increase in brain size, a development of face—things which have led to a result altogether peculiar, chiefly in the mastery and utilization of natural forces. Surprising to many will be the fact, which comes out repeatedly in the discussion, that the white man is not in all respects the furthest removed from the original types. In many points, he is less specialized, nearer to the primitive, than even the Negro. Starting with the fundamental statement that man "is an animal species, subject, like all the others, to the laws of development, like all the others, a product of evolution," our author aims to find man's place in nature. His book is like Huxley's book of that title, but brought to date. Wilder says the subject is a zoological one, rather than an anthropological. He discusses it in a series of interesting chapters—our living mammalian relatives, related extinct forms, fossilmen, tracing the pedigree, ethnology, racial characters. The work is well done. The book aims to present the accepted beliefs of the moment, but it does not blink the fact that there are still some differences of opinion. The pedigree he suggests is not that of Haeckel—nor that of any other man. Wilder has his own opinions and is not afraid to state them. The main facts however are definitely fixed; the general conclusions are amply justified. Man is so close to some of the apes, that in a standard classification, he should no longer have the status of a *family* of his own. For Wilder, the family *Hominidae* includes not only man but all "related species recently unearthed in the soil," and such forms as gorilla, chimpanzee and orang. The most interesting part of the book is that in which the history of the class of mammalia is traced from its beginning on to the present, with the special object of determining the line that leads from a small, primitive, insectivorous form on to man. The book is amply illustrated and contains several new and interesting charts and diagrams. The most interesting are those showing the author's ideas regarding the races of man and their interrelationship and the Phylogenetic tree of the Primates. The carping critic will say that this tree is based upon five "missing links." Our author himself states it to be based upon "hypothetical forms." But one acquainted with the material will agree that the hypotheses are warranted.

It is encouraging to find a great church organization aiming definitely to clear away race prejudice and to develop "interracial good will and Christian world-mindedness." The Methodist Episcopal Church is doing this. It is printing a *World Friendship Series* for use as elective study courses for all kinds of groups—church school classes, Epworth League study classes, and church night groups. They have included in the series a course book on "The Negro in American Life"[2] The book is well organized and developed. The author is himself a Negro, professor in the Gammon Theological Seminary. The book makes no direct appeal, voices no actual complaint. It aims to simply present the facts as they are, to lay the situation clearly before the student. After preliminary chapters on the Negro race and its position among races, the author speaks of the Negro's contribution—economic, social, human and spiritual—to American life; he then discusses the economic, political and social status of the Negro in American life; he then examines the Christian attitude in race relations; he closes by listing agencies that make for inter-racial co-operation. The material is sectioned to facilitate study and each chapter ends with a con-

1. The Pedigree of Man. Harris H. Wilder. New York: 1926, Henry Holt and Co., 80 pp., xiv., 368.

2. The Negro in American Life, Willis J. King. New York and Cincinnati: 1926, The Methodist Book Concern, 160 pp., 154.

clusion (summarizing the discussion) and a list of questions covering the field.

The University of North Carolina Press is busy and is turning out a considerable list of *scholarly works,* not only by southern writers and dealing with southern themes, but also by well-known northerners—like E. A. Ross and Roscoe Pound—dealing with topics of general concern. Among its undertakings is one of local character, but of more than local interest. It is bringing out a series of volumes to present the Negro of the South in his life and thought. Two volumes of this series have come to us. The first in date of appearance is "The Negro and His Songs"[3], by Howard W. Odum and Guy B. Johnson. Mr. Odum is Professor of Sociology in the University of North Carolina and is the general editor of the series. The arrangement, classification and preparation of the material of this book for publication was done mainly by Mr. Johnson. Of their material, Prof. Odum says:

The volume will be found to abound in paradoxes and contradictions. The songs are not alike; the dialect is not consistent; there are lyrics of power and appeal, and there are verses crude and sordid. There are lines of elegance and inelegance. There are ballads of worth and disjointed, inconsequential lines of trash. There is sorrow and there is joy; pathos stands alongside of humor.

The songs were collected in northern Mississippi and northern Georgia. Some songs from North Carolina and Tennessee are introduced for comparison. Three classes are distinguished—religious, social, and work songs. A preliminary chapter introduces the singer and his song. The material follows, under the three heads, a preliminary discussion being given of each. A final chapter deals with imagery, style and poetic effort. The work is done with almost painful conscientiousness. We are never quite free from the feeling that the author lacks a real enthusiasm. He aims to present his material boldly, so that it may speak for itself. He ever seems to be trying to justify himself for his interest. His constant assertion that the things are worth while, that they contain elements, that they enlighten and instruct, are so apologetic in tone as to arouse a feeling of doubt, almost antagonism. Thus:

. . . These songs may be said to have considerable value as reflectors of negro life. They portray the relation of the singer to his environment; they give some insight into character; they reflect much of home life and morals, social habits and ideals; they indicate possible social tendencies and qualities; and they are themselves testimonials of the creative ability and esthetic sense of the Negro. Lest the absence of the higher ideals of home and womanhood, of love and virtue, of industry and thrift, give rise to a pessimistic attitude, it must be constantly borne in mind that this collection of songs is representative only of what may be called the Negro lower class.

We regret that space does not permit us a fuller discussion and analysis of the book with examples of the songs. Dr. Odum has undertaken an important enterprise in this series.

The second of these books is a study of "Folk Beliefs of the Southern Negro."[4] It represents a vast amount of labor. A long list of printed material has been diligently searched. Largely, however, the matter here presented is from unpublished reports and observations from 407 collectors—individuals or institutions. The unpublished collectanea run to some 2400 items. The author has separated, sifted and sorted this material in such fashion that items upon one topic, from all sources and localities, are stated in the most concentrated form in a paragraph or two. The source of every item, whether from printed or original sources, is given in footnotes. The material, after it is grouped, is presented under the following chapter headings: practical and emotional background, burial customs, ghosts and witches, voodooism and conjuration, positive control signs; minor charms and cures, negative control signs; taboos, prophetic signs or omens, Christianity and Superstition. Comparison is constantly made with African beliefs. When in his discussion the author uses the word African he means the native of Africa; when he uses the word Negro, he means our southern black man. The most interesting general fact brought out in the book is that the African source of these beliefs is less important than usually assumed; many more of them have come from Europe, specifically from England than is realized. It is brought out interestingly that there is significance in the sex relation of these beliefs. The African superstitions (using the word literally for the "hang-over") is largely in the affairs of men, while the English beliefs are largely related to woman's life and work. Thus, voodooism and conjuration is largely African; signs, both positive and negative controls, are mostly transmitted by women. Our author suggests an explanation for the fact. All in all, no such extensive and painstaking piece of work has been done in this field as this of Mr. Puckett.

FREDERICK STARR.

3. **The Negro and His Songs, Howard W. Odum and Guy B. Johnson. Chapel Hill, N. C. 1925, The University of North Carolina Press, 80 pp. vii (i) 306.**

4. **Folk Beliefs of the Southern Negro, Newbell Niles Puckett. Chapel Hill, N. C.: 1926, The University of North Carolina Press, 80 pp. xv. 644.**

Correspondence

Industrial War

Editor of UNITY:

I have been reading an enthusiastic report of the First Anniversary Celebration Meeting of the introduction into the United States Senate, of the "War Abolition" amendment by Senator Frazier. The report was made by our Sydney Strong in UNITY for May 9th and is, of course, in keeping with his ideas about war.

I cannot refrain from expressing my sentiments on this subject. I am usually hot or cold on all vital subjects, and on this war question I am not by any means indifferent. But, for the life of me, I can't quite figure out these "pacifists" sometimes.

In a nutshell, I should say their ambition is to put a velvet glove on the fist; they would abolish "bloody war," but not bloodless war. They would outlaw war with guns and poison gas, but leave the industrial war, which saps our vitality and leaves us bloodless, to go on. I know they deny this; but, do they ever raise their voices and point out that all bloody war with guns is but a legitimate outcome of bloodless grinding commercial competition? No, not at least in any comprehensive manner which would indicate that they understood the fundamental causes of war. I want them to raise their hands in horror in protest against the far more sinister and cruel bloodless war that involves them, and us all, every day of our lives; the abolition of bloody gun-warfare will then cease of its own accord.

These "pacifists" are well intentioned people, I will grant you; but do they really wish to abolish the root causes of war? Again, I am obliged to say, I fear they do not. They are usually folks who live by incomes from rent, interest and profit and mortgages. You know the Good Book says: "He who takes the sword shall perish by the sword." I want to put that into modern phrase: "He who takes a mortgage, shall also perish by the sword"; or, he who takes rent, interest or profit shall also perish by the sword. Why? Because these are all instruments of life-taking, instruments of death. The sword would only

The Field

"The world is my country, to do good is my Religion."

THE LEAGUE OF PEOPLES' PEACE

To secure permanent peace for all humanity, each civilized nation in the world will be required to give their support. The first move to be taken will be the formation of a league comprising all civilized peoples working as one unit in deciding all affairs affecting the various peoples of the league. The organization of the league will be as follows:

(1) Each nation will elect by popular vote of all men between the ages of eighteen and forty-five years, one representative and also a staff of experts who will secure data and information relating to the problems of their respective countries, with the exception of international trade and commerce. These representatives and experts shall be subject to recall at any time. The representatives of each nation shall meet every day of the year in a conference to receive all reports and disputes concerning each nation. All matters and decisions received and decided will be published and distributed for the consideration of the people of each nation and undersigned by the respective representatives as to the genuineness of the contents.

(2) Each nation shall be requested on the election of their respective representatives to bring to the attention of the league all grievances against another nation. Before this grievance can be brought before the league, both sides of the controversy must be presented to nations involved, so that the qualified voters may be in a position to decide by popular vote if they consider same a grievance for the league's decision. If the returns show that the grievance stands the popular vote of the peoples of the league (excluding the nations involved) will be the decision of the dispute. In case any nation is not satisfied with the decision two-thirds vote of representatives will enable the dissatisfied nation to present its arguments once more. A second popular vote of the league will be taken which will be the final decision. At expiration of five years any nation dissatisfied with the league's decision will be permitted to bring the grievance up again, providing the popular vote demands same.

(3) Each nation to incorporate into the law of their land the following:

(A) War shall only be resorted to when an invasion is made.

(B) All reports and decisions of the league, published in newspapers and periodicals, etc., must be undersigned by the representatives of the league.

(C) All cabinet members and their assistants, of the nations connected with the league relating to war and its respective departments, shall be elected by popular vote of that nation, subject to recall at any time by the qualified voters.

In case of an emergency two-thirds of the votes of the representatives can recall any individual connected with that department, and the representatives shall act in that capacity until someone is elected by the qualified voters. This is to prevent treachery on the part of a cabinet member against a nation of the league.

(D) An individual or organization, committing an act against a nation of the league or its representatives, to promote strife, hatred and hindrance to the progress of the league, shall be considered an outlaw of humanity. If popular vote of the league demands punishment same shall be given.

(E) An individual or organization shall be permitted to bring before the league all valuable ideas for the progress of the league. If adopted shall be placed upon the honor roll of the nation and the league. A person desiring to give his thoughts for the improvement of the league can do so without resorting to his representative.

(F) The national boundary lines of each country are to be respected and cannot be altered, without consent of the nation involved.

(4) All implements of war for prevention against invasion shall be granted. Exceptions will be made to those contrabands of war, which place in danger the people who are not taking part, such as poison gas, death rays, etc. The league shall be informed from the respective nations, through officials in charge as to the amount and description of the implements of war on hand, and increase whenever made. An increase made without knowledge of the people, representatives and league shall be considered an act against humanity and the guilty parties punished as directed by the league. From time to time, after confidence and good will is established the nations of the league will be asked to reduce

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put some of us out of the misery caused by these other much more cruel bloodless instruments of warfare.

Most of these good folks usually back up their pacifist arguments by quotations from the Bible. Well, here is one they usually overlook: "The Earth is the Lord's, and the fullness thereof." I would remind them that mankind, in violation of the law of life, has taken full possession of the entire earth, and now buys and sells and trades in the necessities of life, so that every mouthful of food taken into the mouth to build up and sustain life has been bought and sold and yielded a profit to some Industrial Caesar as a tribute to his astuteness and prowess in gaining a stranglehold on the physical necessities before they are allowed to enter the body and become flesh.

They loudly acclaim the victory of having abolished black slavery. But what is the essential difference between selling human flesh after its transformation, and potential human flesh in the form of food and other necessities of life? I am hot on this war question, but I want to go all the way.

GEORGE N. HANSEN.

Bremerton, Washington.

From Our Russian Correspondent

Dear Mr. Holmes:

. . . Leningrad is, as always, unusually dignified and beautiful, very clean and animated, but of course not as New York. New busses are running, a few new houses built on the outskirts for the workers. . . . Moscow is so terribly crowded that it loses much of its beauty. . . .

In Moscow I want to see the house of Tolstoy. I was struck with the simplicity of the city-home of a rich, titled family such as Tolstoy's was. I also visited two splendid museums of new paintings, mostly French. I was deeply charmed by works of Claude Monet, Eugene Carrière, Van Gog, Mates, and others.

Now I am busy with my little garden. . . .

ALINA HUEBSCH.

Odessa, Russia.

England's Debts—All of Them!

Editor of UNITY:

In a recent UNITY you made the following statement: "The new English battleship 'Nelson' costs only $35,000,000. Yet England can't pay her debts."

I think it is only fair that you should state to what debts you have reference, as some people might infer that you were suggesting it was her debt to this country, which would be most unfair to a country that is sacrificing everything to live up to her obligations.

GEORGINA FLATTERY.

Boston, Mass.

their armaments in conference for that purpose.

(5) The formation of an international college system under the league's jurisdiction for training of men and women in national and international problems, in every nation of the league. These instructors shall be elected by the qualified voters of each nation and subject to recall by them only.

How Elections Shall Be Carried On

Eligible to vote all men between ages of eighteen and forty-five.

(A) Each town and city to elect a local supervisor to preside over their election and subject to recall by the qualified voters of that town or city. This supervisor will be required to undersign the result of the election, making an original and copy of same. Original to be sent to Regional Supervisor and the copy to be placed on view for the people. Voting to be carried on from one place only.

(B) Every 10% of the voters shall be segregated into regions and elect a Regional Supervisor who shall be subject to recall. On receipt of all returns from every local supervisor in the region it will then be tabulated and undersigned by the party, making two copies as the Local Supervisor did, sending original to the National Supervisor and the copy to the newspapers.

(C) Every person eligible to vote will elect a National Supervisor subject to recall. The supervisor shall tabulate and undersign the returns as sent in by the Regional Supervisor, making two copies, original to be sent to the league and the copy to the newspapers.

Each local Supervisor shall be required to keep a record of his voters. All removals and deaths shall be supported by proper records and the interested parties accordingly advised.

Candidates as representative to league must receive 1% of the signatures of the qualified voters in his region. The said candidate will be required to publish under his signature a record of his achievements in the interest of his people and humanity.

In conclusion, I wish to state that 75% or more will be considered the popular vote. This plan is the people's way of securing peace, and I would recommend that an international court be established for disputes relating to international trade and commerce.

* * *

The author would appreciate your endorsement and moral support or criticism signed or unsigned. Surely you are interested in avoiding the next world's disaster which will result in the destruction of a greater amount of life and property than occurred in the last war. Remember the commandment, "Thou shalt not kill."

BENJAMIN BLUMENTHAL,

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